The WERKLY HERALD, containing all the matter of the daily, sent by mail, at THESE DOLLARS per annum, in advance. In the cay it is sold at the office at six cents percopy. Letters to the Editor to be post paid.

## [From the Weekly Herald of April 29.] News of the Week.

We are in a state of war-not a physical, but a commercial war. It is not a war in which men are killed -but systems, principles and modes of business are changed, altered, or renovated.

The week that has just passed has been eventfulboth at home and abroad.

Our intelligence from England and France pos sesses the deepest interest for us in this country. The commercial revolution is sweeping over those countries with vengeance-but particularly in Eng'and. At the last accounts, her banking and manufacturing systems were on the verge of a great explosion, in consequence of the extraordinary developements made of the condition of the American trade. In politics, every thing was quiet, but if the commercial troubles increase, the activity of political feeling would also increase. The government is quiet-apparently marching along in the old pace which it received in 1688, when the revolution mania of 1640 subsided into a settled system. The effect of a sudden disorganization in the commercial atlairs of England would be the signal for an entire change in her political system. That, again, would affect the action of public opinion in France. And thus are the civilized communities connected together.

From France we have very little political news of any importance. Louis Philippe is not yet assassinated, although three or four attempts have been made. It is highly probable that the spirit will not abate.-The high morbid feeling developed in France in rela tion to politics, has prevailed on former occasions among that singularly original people. Who can forget the terrible contests between the Catholics and Huguenots in the fifteenth century? In those days political feeling produced the same mania for assassination which we see now. Ravaillac only was more successful than Alibaud or his associates. There are two principles at war in the public mind in Francethe legitimate and the representative principle. The contest will be prolonged till some one attains the mastery. Till then we may expect attempts upon the life of the king, as well as popular emeutes in the capital and provincial towns.

In France, trade is dull, but the revulsion is very feeble compared to the reaction in England. France since the era of the republic has traded principally on a specie capital. They deal in little paperand trust less to it. The merchants of France in a body cannot break, nor can their banks stop specie payment. Why? Because the former are cautious and seldom trade on borrowed capital-the latter do not exist, except one, the Bank of France which is no monster and has few big claws.

From the other sections of Europe we have nothing new. The Pope of Rome is probably embroidering petticoats for the blessed virgin-Nicholas of Russin reviewing his army-Christina of Spain reviewing her lovers-the rest asleep-except Makmoud, who is now the only sensible man in Europe that wears a crown, though only a bar barian of a modern breed.

We have little news from South America. Mexico and Texas appear to be as they were-scarcely knowing what to do, or when to fight each other

But the news in our own land is the most important. During the week a most original philosophical discovery has been made, which developes a new principle in the order of nature entirely. In another part of our paper will be found a scientific description of this phenomenon, from the pen of Professor Silliman of New Haven. We have also added several popular descriptions of the new principle and its applicability to all the arts of life.

We desire our readers particularly to read and study the account of the electro-magnetic machine.

From Washington and Albany we have nothing new. In relation to the present state of commercial affairs, matters have taken and are taking a more gloomy direction. A large and excited meeting has been held in the Masonic Hall-a committee of fifty appointed to go to Washington-but it is doubtful whether one half will go, in consequence of the dread that the sheriffs of other states might be called into requisition. It is not believed that Mr. Van Buren will act at all on the sabject of the specie circular. Even his friends here begin to think him a poor miserable creature, without a spark of moral courage sufficient to give him an impulse to follow his swn better

Another meeting is preparing to be held in the Park, on Wednesday next, and it is probable that we shall have a few meetings too many before the summer shall have elapsed.

The Legislature has proposed to adjourn at an early day. Since the 1st of January this venerable body has been in session, working all the time, yet they have not finished a single bill of consequence during the whole period. They have made reports on every subject and on every side of every subject. They have debated the whole session on banks and the currency. But they have done nothing-passed nothing-and

In our own good city times are a little out of joint, but hardly so much as they will be. Merchants are failing-prices are falling-laborers turned out of omployment-business growing dull-the banks trembling-furniture selling off cheap-houses wanting tenants-rents coming down-and the ladies promenading Broadway, looking more beautiful and engaging than ever. It would really appear that the activity and energy, caused by public distress, give an additional charm to the female face divine, while it improves vastly their knowledge of political economy. "I am very much astonished," said a beautiful young lady the other day, "that people complain of the banks not letting out money. Why dent people do as I do? I get half eagles and half dollars from papa, and I find the dry goods merchants in Broadway, take them just as readily as they formerly did

An amorous young swain was asked how he liked a pretty young lady to whom he had been paying his respects. He answered; egad! she looked so sweet and eatable that I caught myself saying grace over her when I should have inquired after my sister's fa-mile.

HEIGHT OF THE PATRIARCHS-Aninfallible philoso pher informs us, that Adam's stature was 123 feet 9 inches; Eve's 118 feet 9 inches and three quarters; Noah's 20 feet short of Adam's; Abraham's 28 feet; Moses's 13, and Hercules' 10.

VANITY—Rossini, the celebrated musical composer, is in the habit of addressing his letters to his mother in the following unassuming style:
"To the very illustrious Lady—Mother of the Im-

## THE HERALD.

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WHOLE NO. 517

A Prize Tale.

When Henry Landon was twenty-five, Caroline Wilton was a wild, lively girl, of twelve years of ago. She had a brilliant complexion, and a pair of sparking black eyes, full of fire and intelligence; and when she laughed with all the glad feelings, and unchecked spirits of happy childhood, her white and even teeth formed a most ruby contrast with her ruby lips. Free from care, and blest in the affection and indufgen e of her parents, she felt no envy towards those who were

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART, OF NEW YORK.

raised above her by the mere caprice of fortune. Vain of her personal appearance, and knowing nothing but that she was handsome, she was perfectly satisfied with herself-and, had she been left alone with her ignorance and her beauty, she might have missed a few fleeting moments of exquisite and refined enjoy-ment, and escaped after years of misery and repent-Young as she was, it was her fate to attract the ad-

miration and attention of Henry Landon, an elegant and accomplished man of fashion. With fine talents, education, and a heart alive to every senti ment of virtue and generosity, was still eccentric, and possessed a mind strongly tinctured with romance.—
His walk in life was far above that of Mr. Wilton, the father of Caroline—but that was, in his opinion, the circumstance of accident, and neither detracted from the merit of Wilton nor added to his own.

Landon had just arrived at the age when the society of a gentleman is most sought by the ladies—when a man is calculated to be most agreeable, most ardent, most generous, most confiding, when the flashing sparks of genius in a youthful mind shines forth with the greatest brilliancy—and ere the best feelings of the heart have been wrapped by the coldness and treachery, and sel-fishness of the world. Many a brighteye fell beneath his glance, and followed his receding form with looks of admiration—and many a sweet smile met his approach, and threw a light on the blush occasioned by a passing compliment from his lips. It was in vain his heart was invulnerable—or rather it was long thought so—yet it was at last surrendered to a child.

Caroline Wilton, he fondly thought, might be formed into the very creature of his imagination; and when once this idea had taken possession of his mind, he could see no beauty, no attraction, in any other being With a fortune not only independent, but sufficient to gratify every whim of his exthusiastic and romantic disposition, he determined to educate her for his wifeto bend her young and pliant thoughts to those pur-suits which he most loved and most admired—to give her naturally gifted mind the highest polish of cultivation and improvement—and then, to claim her sensitive and greatful heart as his reward.

A proposal so advantageous, an alliance so flattering, could not fail to meet the approbation of her pa rents, and was soon communicated to the gay and youthful Caroline. She listened silently and attentively, as if endeavoring to comprehend all that she was expected to perform; and then, turning to Landon with all the candor and naivette of her happy disposition, she suddenly exclaimed, "Mr. Landon, are you sure you will like me, after you have spent so much money, and I have learned all that you wish me to be taught?"

'Certainly, my dear, replied he; "but why do you "Because, I am not certain that I shall like you as

well, when you get to be so much older." Landon was forcibly struck with the answer. It was the simple reflection of a child of nature, and a deep shade of thought passed over his brow." "It is a wild scheme," sighed he to himself—"I have embarked on a sea of experiment, in which not only my own happiness, but that of another, is involved; and there are moments, when I fear that I am only laying up sorrow for an innocent and lovely girl, and bitter disappointment for myself—yet a few years," thought ke, as he accidentally saw his fine form and handsome face reflected in an opposite mirror, "cannot alter me so much as to preclude all hope of my gaining a young lody saffections."

Caroline's quick eye saw the change is his counta-nance, and with an intuitive sense of giving pain, or creating displeasure, she said, in a tone of earnestness, and with the most artless manner, "Mr. Landon, I always say any thing that comes in my head to papa, and he only laughs at me—I dare say I shall love you when I am grown up; for I love papa now, and he is a great deal older than I am."

Put why cannot you love me before you are grown

O, because, I can't love every body at once. You are very good to me, and I will try to like you as well as I can—but you are not a bit like Edgar Morris, and I can't help liking him the best—for he brings me flowers, and turns the rope for me to jump, and climbs the trees after fruit, and does every thing I want him

Landon smiled-vet he went away from the house of Mr. Wilton less sanguine as to the result of his plan

than he had entered it.

Edgar Morris was the son of a neighboring gentleman of small fortune, who contrived to live genteely, and even with an air of elegance, on a very moderate income. He was two years older than Caroline, and had been her playmate from infancy; and her words were literally true, that he would do every thing she wanted him to do. They were attached to each other as brother and sister, but were both too young to ion had time to ripen into a deeper and more

absorbing feeling, they were separated by the new

destiny and employments of Caroline.
Six years had passed away in a constant and often fatiguing round of studies, and the beautiful, spoiled, and ignorant child, was metamorphised into the lovely, polished, and accomplished woman. Those who had known Caroline Wilton at twelve years of age, could scarcely have recognized her at eighteen. An intellectual expression of countenance had added a surpassing charm to her native beauty-her step had become graceful and elegant, instead of springing with the wild, elastic bound of early days, and her mind had received and retained the fair impression of virtue,

refinement, and delicacy.

Landon was her constant friend and adviser and not only the director of her studies, but of her teachers. He saw the change which her mind was gradually working, and watched its progress with delight and loved her better for being himself the means of

making her what she was. Her feelings toward him were of a nature altogether different from common. She looked up to him as her benefactor and her best friend; and she gave him her hea t in full confidence of his worth and nobleness, and with the deepest sentiments of gratitude and esteem. Her love had none of that romantic fervor which characterized his attachment to her, but it was pure, and true, and steady, and really capable of great sacrifices, while, through pride and folly, it refused a

Landon loved with an all-engrossing passion-yet he knew that the beautiful object of his idolatry was not quite perfect. With an amiable disposition, she had a spirit that would rot brook control, nor bend to aught but her own sense of right and wrong. But neither was he himself without his faults. His temper was often hasty, and sometimes difficult; and his deas of propriety in others were carried somewhat 100 far for a world where much must be overleoked, and

Caroline was not generally fond of amusements, nor of attending public places; but for once she had set her heart on going to a masquerade in a neighbor-ing city. A little doubtful of the approval of her friend yet resolved at the same time not to be guided by it, should be prohibit her gratifying what she considered an innocent curiosity. He came as usual in the evening to pay his accustomed visit, and she began by ng to pay his accustomed visit, and she began by playing and singing his favorite tunes in order to sooth every discordant feeling, and prepare him to grant her request. Animated with the thought of novelty and pleasure, she was all gayety and good humor, and her young heart anticipated nothing but happiness in the years to come; but her lover was unusually grave and thoughtful—and when the music ceased, to which he had seemed to listen as if it had been for the last time, the silence might have remained long unbroken, but for her.

Landon had been thinking of the masquerade, which, as a novelty, had occasioned much conversation among the gay and fashionable, and many of his friends were prepared to throw off their natural charters for the time, and sustain or fail in some other. It was a species of amusement, that, in his opinion, was calculated to produce perficious consequences; and he had determined, in his own mind, neither to go himself, nor to suffer Caroline to join the party.

go himself, nor to suffer Caroline to join the party.

"Masquerades are dangerous places, my dear Caroline," said he, in reply to her question, "and I shall be sorry to see you there; but you are not serious, I know—you cannot really think of going."

"Indeed, I am very serious," replied the lively girl, with one of those smiles which had often beguiled him of his better judgment—"I not only think of going, but intend to go; and if you are afraid to trust me with Miss Sinclair and Colonel Graham, why you must absolutely go with me verself. Come now you must absolutely go with me yourself. Come now, on't look angry, and sentimental, and so much siser than every body else. Where is the improprie-y? I can see nothing wrong in it." He was not in the humor for trifling, and Caroline

spoke without her usual tact.
"It would be useless for me to point out the impropriety," said he, in a surprised and rather an of-fended tone, "if you are resolved, at all events, on going. Indeed, it would be only causing you to disobline me under aggravated circumstances. I should have scarcely believed that more, Caroline, would have ventured to decide on any thing of consequence, without first consulting me, and paying some little deference to my feelings and opinions
—but I have perhaps over-rated my claims on your

The last words were spoken sarcastically, and had their full effect. Caroline's lafty spirit flashed from her eyes, but she was silent; and, for the first time, the weight of her obligations to Landen pressed heavy on her heart. They were both to blame, and both felt and throught wrongly, yet neither would condescend to make the first concession to the other. Caroline did not speak again, and Landon rose to take leave. He approached her and took her hand—

"You will think better of your resolution, Caroline" said he with a softer manner—"I am sure.

line," said he, with a softer manner—"I am sure, after all, that you will not lose a friend for the sake of the world and its votaries. The time has now come, when you must either give up the world for me, or me for the world. Let your own mart choose between the two."

Had he stopped there, he would have gained the victory, but he proceeded—
"If you persist in your determination of going to

the masquerade, we part, from that time far ever."
"Then farewell," said Caroline, with a sudden emotion of pride and anger—and thus, in one hasty mo-ment, she broke the band of years, and by a single felly, estranged a noble heart. She stood for some time on the spot where he had left her, and then burst into tears. "Oh!" said she to herself, "how foolish, how ungrateful, I have been!—but I cannot recall my words—I have voluntarily thrown away my happiness—and for what? To appear for one evening in a fictitious character at a masquerade. Be it so then, continued she mournfully, yet proudly—"I shall assume a new, if not a false character, for the rest of my

The masquerade was over-and Caroline returned, weary, and wretched, to her father's house. The pleasure she had anticipated was all ideal; but the misery and remorse which succeeded, were a sad and lasting reality. Landon came not to welcome her return, and solitude was too irksome to be borne.—

She went into society, and put on a mask of gaiety, to hide the canker worm of disappointment, which was secretly preying on her heart, and undermining her health and sories.

her health and spirits.

Rumor, with her hundred tongues, soon spread the report, that Miss Wilton had discarded her noble and generous lever, and many others crowded round her to supply his place, but she was cold and distant to all, till she heard that Landon was going to be married. Too hastily believing a story that was fabricated only to deceive her, she waited not its completion, but in a moment of pride and resentment, almost of delirium, she gave her hand to one whose artful persuasions had chiefly induced her to commit her first great folly, of throwing off the guiding care of her early friend and benefactor. But she knew not herself when she made the solemn vow to love and honor anoth knew not the strength of her attachment to Landon till she had severed, with her own hand, the last remaining link between herself and him, and found, too late, that her heart could not thus be forcibly torn

freely and fully given.

It was less than a year from the time of the masquerade, that the public papers announced the marriage of Col. Graham with the beautiful and accomplished Caroline Wilton, and from that hour the dis-appointed and disgusted Landon foreswere all inter-

course with the female sex. Graham had once been among the number of his friends; but he was the man of all others, whom he would have warned her to avoid. Handsome and insinuating in his manners, and apparently all that was good and amiable; he was, in reality, selfish, designng and tyrannical, and altogether incapable of loving. Vanity was his ruling passion—and vanity, once gratified, becomes a cold and heartless feeling towards

Caroline had lost her mother; and her father, though indulgent, even to a fault, was a man of busi ness, and too much occupied with the affairs of vorld, to think much of those of the heart. He had been led to believe that Mr. Landon and his daughter had broken their engagement to each other by mutual consent, and though exceedingly mortified expected a termination of t e projected alliance, he said little on the subject; and, when Caroline assured him that it was her choice to marry Col. Graham, he kindly told her to consult her own hap-piness, and act according to her wishes. He did not live to witness the trials and vicissi udes of her future life; and she rejoiced in the midst of her sor-rows, that he was spared the pang of knowing that d scaled her own misery, by

he had scaled her own misery, by h. r. hasty union. The flowers of three summers had bloomed and faded since the fatal barrier had been placed between Landon and his love; and time had worn out the first bitterness of feeling, and destroyed much of his resentment towards Caroline. He began to judge calmly and retionally of the past, and acknowledge to his own heart that he had been greatly to blame— It was the blind impetuesity of his own disposition, voked the proud reply which had separated them for-ever. He felt that he should not have utterly forsaken her for a single folly. So young, so beautiful, so full of joyous spirits, and so free from the world's guile, how could be thus abandon her?

She had left her native place, and gone with her huscerning her fate, and his friends never mentioned her name in his presence. Indeed, he kept up but little intercourse with those who knew him. He either spent his time in travelling, or secloded himself within his own walls; and the oace brilliant, fascinating and elegant Landon, seemed changed to the morose and

gloomy recluse.

He had been wandering through the country during the summer months, impelled by a restless spirit that haunted him incessantly; and in one of his ex-cursions he missed his way, and found himself, late in the evening, apparently in an unfrequented place, and probably far from any habitation; but after riding on rapidly for hal an hour, and suffering his horse to take his own course, he discovered a light, and turned toward it. As he approached, he found it came from a small cottage surrounded with shrubbery; and dis-mounting, he walked slowly and cautiously on, till within a few yards of the window, whence it issued. It was a still evening in the month of June, and the moon was just rising in a cloudless sky. Landon

"Landon," said she, with the familiar voice and manner of a privileged favorite, "will you go with me to the masquerade next week?"

soft. The air was "The last rose of summer," and manner of a privileged favorite, "will you go with me to the masquerade next week?" was the last song that Caroline had ever sung for him on that eventful evening, when a "trifle light as air" had made an everlasting breach between them. He approached nearer and distinctly heard the follow-

'Tis the 'ast blooming summer These eyes shall be tadd— Long, long one another, This hear, shall be cold;

But ah! its best feelings. On ea th mave been chill d And I grieve not, that shortly its pulse shall be still d.

The tarf willie I ght'y Above the lone spot, Where the beart-broken stranger Is laid and lorget.

With the last stanza, the voice seemed to falter, and there was a slight pause, apparently from uncontrollable feeling, in the concluding line. Landon stood as if chained to the ground. The image of Caroline flitted before his imagination, as he had last seen her in her innocence and loveliness, and he could not divest himself of the idea that he had again heard the sweet tones of her voice. Deep interest was mingled with his curiosity to catch a glimpse of the musician before he applied for admittance, and he was accidentally gratified. The cartain which shaded the win-dow was suddenly drawn aside, as if to admit the air, and a youthful female, dressed in black, appeared to be the only inmate of the apartment. Landon was concealed from view by the shrubbery, and gazed with an intensity of teching which absorbed every thought. The lady passed her hand to her forchead, and walked from the casement. He could not be mistaken—it was surely the step, the figure of Caro-line Wilton—and as she turned again the light fell on her face, and removed the least shadow of doubt.— Yes, it was indeed she—but oh! how changed from the blooming beauty of other days. Consumption and sorrow were fast performing their work of death
and her song seemed prophetic of her early doom. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and her eyes had lost their once joyful expression—but nothing could dispel the charm which the soul of virtue and

intelligence diffused over her lonely countenance.

Landen rushed forward, and would have forced himself into her presence—but, as he laid his hand on the latch of the door, the thought darted across his mind, "she is married!"—and he turned hastily away.—
"Ungrateful, misguided Caroline," said he to himself,
"why hast thou again crossed my view? It is not for
me to sooth thy sorrow now—and the husband thou
hast chosen, where is be?"

These thoughts nerved him to quit the spot, and discovering a beaten track, he pursued his way, and soon found a shelter for the night. The next morning he departed, without asking a single question con-cerning the cottage or its inhabitants; but the memory of that pale face and wasted form, haunted him

wherever he went. Summer had glided away, and the falling leaves of autumn cast a deeper gloom over his mind. In the romance and eccentricity of his disposition, he bad ouried all his painful thoughts and feelings in his own bosom, but they tecame at length too batter to be borne, and he determined secretly to revisit the lone-

ly cottage. Evening again cast her shadows on the surround ing objects, and a dim light shone faintly from the same casement window. Landon reached, unobserved, the very spot wh re he had last stood; and what were his sensations to hear again the notes of music!

It was a voice of sorrow, and seemed a requiem over
the dead. Wildly and solemnly it floated on the autumn blast—and the words which fell on his ear, har-rowed his soul with anguish.

Sleep on sleep on—that wilt not wake Althouch poor Helen's least should keep To see that thus so calmly lie, Unannul alor, her tearful eye.

This world was never fit for thee-it was not meant thy home to be Then was to us a season given. But thy abusing place is heaven.

The strain ceased, and sobs were heard audibly in place of the music. Landon was much affected, and as he had once known Ellen Sinclair, the bosom friend of Caroline, in the days of her happiness, he entered the apartment where she was sitting, by the

remains of her youthful companion.

Ellen started at his well-remembered form, and then, with a look of coldness, haughtily said, "You have come too late, Mr. Landon. Why do you in-trude at such a moment? Would you take a last look trude at such a moment? at those still, cold features, beautiful even in death? out sh! the spirit is not there.'

Landon spoke not, but turned to the bed, and knelt by the side of his departed love. Long did be gaze in silence—till at length, in a voice choked with silence—till at length, in a voice choked with strong emotion, he exclaimed, "Sleep on beloved Caroline!-Sleep on, in thy calm, unbroken rest!on thy senseless form, with a broken heart. Oh: that I had left thee under thy father's roof, beautiful and innocent, and happy as thou wast when I first saw thee. Sweet flower, theu mightest kave bloomed wild, and lived out thy days-but transplanted, and fostered with too much care, thou wast unable, like a green-house plant, to bear the pitiless blast of the world. Why did I take thee from the protector which nature had given thee? O! too severely have I been punished for my presumption and vanity. Thou art ingle felly in me,"

The heart stricken mourner rose from his knees and left the room; and it was many weeks after the turf had been laid on the grave of Caroline, ere he could bring himself to inquire the particulars of her

history since her mrrriage.

Her tale was a common one. It was the story of woman disappinted in her first love-marrying from other feelings—fulfilling her duties to her husband with fidelity, but with a broken heart—neglected by the man for whom she had sacrificed her happiness, and at last farsaken and left to die in the spring time of life, with injured feelings, withered affections, and

She left a few lines for Landon, written just before her death. They were as follows:

To my early benefactor, I would devote a few of the remaining moments of my life. They must, in-deed, be few, for I feel that I am dying. Ten years have passed, Landon, since I was first taught to look up to you as my protector, adviser, and best friend. ck on the first six, because I must not now indulge those feelings which ever come with the recollection of that golden part of my life, My foolish heart sometimes whispers me, "how happy I might have been!" but, believe me, my friend, the last four years have been to me an age of sorrow nd young as I am I am contented to die. I feel that I have lived long enough to have had my full share of good and evil-but the evil has been better for me than the good. It has turned my thoughts from the oys which pass away, to those which endure forever—and it has taught me to seek the straight and narrow path, which leads to a brighter and a better

Had it been the will of Providence, I should have rejoiced to see you once more; but it may not be-we can never meet again in this world. A few short hours will probably finish my brief career, and close Your noble and generous heart will mourn, I know, for my early fate, and rey last earthly thoughts will linger with the benefactor of my youth. There is a feeling that will not die, but with the spark of my life. There is a deep and endurdenly the sound of music came from the house. He listened. It was a low mournful voice, yet sweet and cares and duties; but when the hour of death approximate the sum of the sound of music came from the house. He cares and duties; but when the hour of death approximate the sum of the s ing affection, which is often found in woman's heart. If unfortunate, it may be concealed, and struggled

proaches, it will assert its power, and swallow up every cartuly feeling.

I know, too well, that the bright prospect of my

weegs. - 82 50 | 3 months. - seeth, 3 60 | 5 months. - seeth, 3 60 | 5 months. - seeth, 3 60 | 5 months.

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JAMES GORDON BENNETT. At No. 21 Ann street, second door below Nassau, and opposite the Vestry Rooms of the Dutch Reform 4 Church.

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early days were all blasted by a single folly-and the effect of that one has caused me to commit a hundred others, which have brought misfortune, and misery, and death, in their train—but I mourn not now for n yself-I grieve only for the sorrows which I have inflicted on the best of men. Oh! Landon, forgive my ingratitude to you-forgive the cruel disappointment of your hopes, the desolation I have spread around your path, and drop one tear to the memory of the wretched CAROLINE.

Weeks, and months, and years, glided on, unheed-ed by the desolate and heart-broken Landon-but time at length softened the violence of grief, and wore away the heavy gloom of disappointment. In the very prime of life, rich, handsome, and accomplished with splendid talents and brilliant genius, he could not fail of being an object of attention and interest.— He began again to smile with the light of other days—to charm with his conversation, and delight with his various accomplishments; but his heart was buried in the early grave of kis Caroline. Landon had loved, but not as men love. Surrounded and courted, and flattered, by the young, the gay, and the beautiful, he was still true to his first passion, and passed on through life, a solitary and isolated being, the victim of a single folly, and its bad effects.

There was many a youthful bosom, whose warmest and best affections would have been gladly devoted to him, had he given the slightest encouragement.

ted to him, had he given the slightest encouragement—but the "heart requires a heart, nor will it be satisfied with less than it gives.'

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PLASTER.

The most valuable remery for weakness and pain in the side, back, and stomach, for debuilty in the back and ions, from the effect of Frietores, and distocation of the bories, everofiered to the public. Dr. Sweet of Frankin. Conn. so long distinguished for Bone Setting, willing to meet the wades of his friends, and that the thousands suffering from our stand weaknesses may avail themselves of a remedy, and elimina the units of physicians, has arranged with Mr. B. C. Baxter, of New London, Conn. to manifectar this Strengthening Salve, and surply ever a cut and town in the United States none geomine without the written signature of B. C. Baxter and Joint Proprietor.

Messrs. Prut & Ray, truggists, 33 Maiden Lane, who esale Agents for the city of New York, a d for sale by must of there spectable Briggists, Price 21 cents a roil.

TO TEE FASHIONABLE.

spectable Seruggists, Price 23 cents a roll.

TO THE FASHIONABLE.

NEW FASHONABLE HAI ESTABLISHMENT.

So after the most successful experience in all the braschas of his business, having establishes himself in the trude, now offers to his friends, at his suice room, No. 12 Nassau street, corner of Pine, a spleadin assorting of flust of every variety of nan, from the medium to the plain, which, in style of model, material, and finish, shall be found survivalled. He intends to sell at \$25 only, and by directing less whole care to that single style, is confident of producing as article without any superior; and fashion and utility having established this quality as well for economy and elegance as durability, he deems it an obvious advantage to the public to confine his efforts to one purpose instead of making experiments in variety. Forning to

deems it an obvious advantage 'e the public to couline his efforts to one purpose instead of making experiments in variety. Francing no rival in the department of taste, he is willing to entrust himself in competition with any establishment in predicing this article.

He has made arrang ments for the London and Pana fashiona with some of the best houses in those ciries, and will always be first in the market with the new standard established by foundinate.

a5-tm first in Nassau corner of Pice.

haste.

13-tm BIRD, 13 Nassau corner of Pice.

Paper Hangings.

DONCOURT & STAMMERS,

DONCOURT & STAMMERS,

DOSE gleave most rest estimable to call the attention of heir friends another public generally. to their new and elecant assortment of goods yest received and opening at their new store. No. 363 Pearl street between Frankfort and Hanne streets, consumers and dealers will find at their estable disease a consumers and dealers will find at their estable disease a consumers and dealers will find at their estable disease to expect with in addition to their entire new stock of goods \$2ammers of the above firm more generally known by the appellation of the Three Finger's Paper Hanger, and who it is needless to say to any hot atmagers stands unrealled in the art of Paper hanging, but the meatiness and despatch will attend in person as far as practicable to all the work which shall be entrusted to his darc.

13-16 market in the standard of the control of the practicable to all the work which shall be entrusted to his darc.

13-16 market in the control of the

MILLINERS SUPPLIED AT WHOLESAPS PRICES.
TO THE LADIES.
T. MORGAN,

P. MORGAN,

Begs leave to info m the Ladies of New York and its vicinity, that he has just in cised, per recent arrivals, the most choice and elegant as outnest of goods were offered in this city.

Elegant Printed Amsters of the boost novel designs Printed Lawns and Challe.

100 Victoria Dressee, at 85.25 the Dress, of 10 yds, among which schoice assortment of Colon.

1 Jaco of the Real Imperial Blue Black Washing Silks at 8 shilling per yard, never one red in this city under 10 shillings.

Rubbons in endless variety.

A tall and choice assortment of rich, figured and plain silks and gates.

loz, plain and embroid red bosiery for 1s. 6d. per rair.

Russia Dispers and Cathe Liness.
Russia Dispers and Tathe Liness.
I care of Gloson's celebrated thish Linesa.
cartomed embraderies.
Drapery and has in every style, together with a large assortment.
French calcuoes and domestic goo is too anmerous to mention.
It the lowest pure asked and no abstrances.
T. MoRGAN, 1954 Chatham at.
Cards Visiting and Store Cards

ENGRAVED IN A SUPERIOR STYLE, AND PRINTED WITH

ENGRAVES IN A SUPERIOR STYLE, AND PRINTED WITH
THE UTMOST NEATNESS.

Persons furnishing their towa Copper Plates, can have them
printed on the most ap, roved fashiocable style of cards.
THE LATEST FASHIONS RECEIVED,
And an isynice of superior featured of Cards, expansity for Visiting
Cards, which for bridgines of polish cannot be excelled.
Merchant's and Store keepers surpased with Cards, either Copper
plate or Letter press at a fere hours notice. Cards at
Home and for Private Parties, &c.
Specimen a to be som, and als reflex promptly executed at
ENGRAVING, PRINTING, AND FASHIONABLE VISITING
AND STORE CARD ESTABLISHMENT,
50 John street, corner of William.

Paper Box Barnar.

Paper Box Bazar.

GEORGE PEUSCHER,

NO. 121 PULTON STREET, THREE DOORS PROM NASSAU,

Manufactures, and keens constantly on hand for sale.

Painnand Pamey Paper Boxes of every description, size and style,

for the following lines of business:

A. Dry goods, Silks, Laces, &c. B. Shoes. C. Fancy articles.

D. Stocks, collars, boscans, shirts. E. Curls. F. Buttons.

G. Jewelery and perfumery in all their branches. H. Samples for

motifs. L. Musical instruments. M. Divas, apothecary and sta
tienery. N. Hat cases, hat boxes and band loves for Millinary

articles.

Country merchanes will find the adapting them to all parts of merica, at the sourcest solve.

In the mean time beging solves, the regularly imports from Germany this nation (easter) real genuine Celogie Water, of which he has just real read a large quantity for wholesale, aspective to any article in the present market. Also, a most splendid assortiment of German palterns for samplers and embroaderies, of every description, for reading a say to keep notice to say allows to the formal palterns for samplers and embroaderies, of every description, for reading a say to keep note, is so nich and handsome a style as they never were sen before.

G. Persaher r. Luras his sincere this ka to his numerous friends and customers for their formar patronage, and trasts by unwearied, eacher or reading cost hands of the same.

and customers for instrument patienting, and trusts by investing pains to seem a cost made of the same.

He are morrow he internet and the public, that he has been awarded a depictor from the last American Fair, held October, 1836, at Nibos to raisen. New York, for a specimen of paper bases, they begin considered by most automated and adended article is the line ever offered to the inspection of the public.

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